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THE RAMBLES OF MR. FRANKLY.

VOL. I.

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OF

MR. FRANKLY.

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VOL. I.

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THE RAMBLES OF MR. FRANKLY.

HOW quick the tranſition, my ſoul, from this world to the next!—Then why are mortals ſo fooliſhly anxious about the trifles of life?—What folly, cried I, riſing, and ſtirring the fire!—I ſat me down again.—The reflexion did not make me eaſier. Is there a greater proof of inconſiſtency on this globe than myſelf? Why did I continue the ſoliloquy?—for I bluſhed with ſhame

at the truth of my own obſervation: and taking down a ruſty hat from off the peg on which Trueman, my faithful old ſervant, had carefully hung it, I obſerved it appeared with ſtronger marks of Age than I did. I did not think it would degrade me. —Upon my head I put it, determining to take a ramble and enquire of the countenance of every one I ſhould meet, whether he were happy. "If I can meet a happy man, I will "aſk of him the valuable receipt, "and my cares will be ended."

THE DOOR.

BEFORE I could ſet my foot over the threſhold to put this wife ſcheme in execution, my wife took hold of my arm, enquiring, with tender anxiety, if I would return to dinner. Forgetting all the beauty with which ſhe was dreſt when ſhe met me at the altar, and ſo chearfully vowed to love and obey, I haſtily ſnatch'd my arm from her, and tartly replied, "*Thou fool, I have no time* "*to eat.*" She meekly withdrew. My heart ſmote me for my unkindneſs to the woman who had ſo ſweetly ſmoothed many a rugged ſcene of my

life. I returned, and found her ſitting in a penſive manner,—her head ſupported by her hand. She was weeping; and looked like the bluſhing roſe-bud laden with the dew of evening. "Julia, I ſaid, forgive "thy tyrant—let not another chryſtal "drop add freſh torment to the "boſom already filled with care and "diſcontent.—I am going to ſeek for "that treaſure, called *Happineſs*, "and if I ſhould find it, will "return with it to thee—therefore "dine chearfully by thyſelf; and if "I be not home by ſupper, go to "bed, and ſleep in peace; for no "harm will happen unto me."—I once more left my houſe,—and before I could

I could reach Hyde Park, whither I deſigned to ramble, every ſcene of my paſt life was called to remembrance.

THE HISTORY OF Mr. FRANKLY.

IT matters not who were my parents. My family was genteel. —But I want not to boaſt a long line of noble anceſtors. It ever was my wiſh to reflect honor on others rather than borrow it from them—Yet am I not a proud man. We all ſprang from the ſame family,—and there is a ſoftneſs, or rather a ſenſibility in my nature that makes me related to every human being—be they poor or rich. I was an only ſon, and from the

the manner of my being brought up, expected a large fortune at the death of my parents—But I found myſelf miſtaken. Death diſcovered the deluſion. My father had loved the ſplendid ſcenes of life too well to leave me any other portion than a good education. Peace to his honoured ſhade. The deception gave me no concern—it had often given me pleaſure—but had not nature endued me with fortitude, it might have made me miſerable. I was brought up to the church, and no ſooner found myſelf a beggar, than I eagerly ſolicited two curacies, and obtained them. Although I muſt leave the ſweet ſerenity of the country, for the noiſe

and buſtle of the metropolis, with only a trifling pittance to ſupport me, I had a jewel in my poſſeſſion that taught me reſignation—a treaſure, whoſe worth was greater than all the glittering temptation of the mines. Long had I loved the fair Julia Selwyn, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman. A ſimilarity of taſte and manners paired our hearts. She never had any fortune to expect—but her ſhining merit was a portion beyond all wealth; and as ſhe had never pictured any hopes of happineſs from the gaudy proſpects which once had danced before me—they fled away without drawing a ſigh from her generous boſom. Her father

father had every virtue lodged within his ſoul—he had paſſed the whole of his life, without notice, upon the ſmall ſtipend of fifty pounds a year, and a few trifling preſents which were annually ſent him by his ſiſter, Lady Lovegold, the wife of an opulent citizen. *Humble Merit* has few friends—*Envy* will ever be pointing her envenomed ſhaft at the moſt exalted virtues—Mr. Selwyn's fate, therefore, was not ſingular.—No ſooner was I appointed curate to the adjoining pariſhes of St. *** and St. ***, with a ſalary of eighty pounds, than I flew to communicate the glad tidings to my Julia.—Our joy was mutual, and only allayed by

the

the thoughts of parting. Yet the news I carried made a little holiday amongſt us; and Julia, with the approbation of her good parents, promiſed to make a viſit to her aunt a few weeks after my arrival in London.—I was the happieſt of men —Julia, with bluſhes, conſented to become my wife as ſoon as I could meet with a houſe that would ſuit us. My father had left me five hundred pounds, part of which was to be expended in furniſhing our habitation, and made up to me again by Mr. Selwyn, who chearfully gave his aſſent to our union. Matters being thus ſettled, I determined to ſet off for London on the Monday following.

ing. Travelling was expenſive—I was young and hearty—therefore, after taking leave of every friend, and beſtowing a few tears at bidding adieu to my Julia, I departed on foot, attended only by Tray, who had long been a favorite in that habitation which parental tenderneſs had once made ſo delightful—I lamented the parent,—and forgot my poverty.

The reflections which filled my mind at this time may be beſt imagined by the moſt feeling hearts.—I was, it's true, ſecure of a maintenance—but I was unacquainted with the world. I had many friends—but I was going to leave them for the ſociety of ſtrangers.—I knew no deceit myſelf —but

—but the world was filled with it.—I was to have an agreeable companion —but I could not ſecure her thoſe indulgences I was ſenſible ſhe deſerved.—My reflections were interrupted by a peaſant—one whom I had known from my infancy—He addreſſed me with that honeſt ſimplicity which belonged to his humble ſtation; and enquired how far I was going to walk—When I anſwered, "To London, my friend," ſurprize and compaſſion took poſſeſſion of his features—"Ah, Sir, ſaid he, I am "ſorry to hear this. Why did you "not apply to me?—I would have "procured you a horſe, and ſtill will "do ſo, if you will ſtay a few hours

"in

" in my cottage. Many are the fa-
" vors I have received from you and
" yours—but, becauſe I was poor, I
" fear you thought I was ungrate-
" ful."—" Friend, ſaid I, it was
" chance rather than neceſſity which
" determined me to travel on foot.
" The expences which I ſhall ſave
" by walking ſhall be dedicated to
" ſuch as thee. I will ſtay a few
" minutes in thy cottage—May'ſt
" thou never want a friend."—I
ſoon reached the good man's habi-
tation, which ſtood by the road ſide
—His wife expreſſed a joy at the
ſight of me which gave me pleaſure,
—and hailed me as her benefactor.
I once had paid the rent for a man
in

in diſtreſs—I enquired not his name —nor till this moment knew it was the honeſt peaſant.—I partook of a ſimple repaſt the good people ſet before me, and giving the children a ſmall token of my regard, I quitted the cottage with my heart much lighter than it was before I entered it.—If theſe people, ſaid I, (who have only the labour of their hands to ſupport themſelves and ſix children) are happy, how ungrateful ſhould I be to repine? I, who have ſuch an abundance compared to them. —I arrived in town—waited upon my rector—took poſſeſſion of my curacies—hired a ſmall houſe, which I furniſhed in the plaineſt but neateſt manner

manner—and ſoon had the ſatisfaction of having for my gueſts Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, with their lovely daughter—they were likewiſe attended by Trueman, an old and faithful ſervant of my father, for whom I had promiſed to provide, if he would accept a place in my family. Lady Lovegold had refuſed to ſee her niece, ſince ſhe was going to diſgrace her by marrying a poor curate—and begged ſhe might never be humbled by the ſight of her again. In a few weeks Julia was given to me by her worthy father, who had no ambition in his ſoul.—Should any one call him imprudent, let them remember he had ever lived upon a leſs income than mine.

mine.—I was the happieſt of men—Our wiſhes were bounded by our poſſeſſions—and delighted with the joys of virtue, we ſighed not for the pageantry of life—With three children has Providence bleſſed us—an increaſing family, without an increaſing income. Infancy has ten thouſand charms unknown but to the parent—They entwined themſelves about my heart—they were beloved next to their amiable mother—How were they to be brought up?—how educated?—(as the fondneſs of my ſoul whiſpered me they deſerved) with the poor pittance I poſſeſſed—the reflection ſowred my temper—Diſcontent entered my boſom under the

the maſk of parental tenderneſs—I thought all the world was happier than myſelf—Many others have thought as I did—perhaps with as little reaſon. The man who would wiſh to be happy ſhould learn to ſubmit to the will of Providence.

HYDE PARK.

THIS is the moſt likely place to meet a variety of people—and the morning is ſo fine, that even an invalid might be tempted to walk abroad. Here will I begin my obſervations.

THE KING AND QUEEN.

SO fine indeed was the morning, that it had tempted the Sovereign of England with his royal confort to take an airing.

Grandeur, ſaid I, thou weareſt as flowery a robe as Nature—though not quite ſo eaſy. At ſight of the royal pair, my heart felt a rapture unknown to all but thoſe who love their King and Country as well as I do. The voice of joy expreſſed by the croud at ſeeing their monarch imparted itſelf to my heart. "Amiable pair, I cried,

" —may ye be as happy as ye de-
" ſerve! What an example do ye
" ſet your ſubjects! May the ſoft-
" neſs, ſenſe, and conjugal tenderneſs,
" that are lodged within thy Char-
" lotte's ſoul, alleviate all thy ſorrows
" —A crown is too often lined with
" thorns."

" And may thy royal huſband, in
" return, partake with thee the de-
" lights ariſing from domeſtic joys—
" May he ſometimes be able to lay
" aſide the cares which attend his
" ſtate, though he can never be able
" entirely to ſhake them off. May
" every ſubject endeavour to lighten
" the burthen Providence has thought

" fit

" fit to lay upon him,—by ever join-
" ing with hand and heart to ſupport
" his rights. Amongſt a multitude
" he may ſometimes meet with inſults
" and brutality—May they anſwer
" no other purpoſe than to brighten
" and diſplay thoſe virtues o'er which
" they would caſt a ſhade."

THE WIDOWED WIFE.

HER looks were mild as a ſummer's evening—her voice as gentle as the voice of love.—But alas! her boſom was not the ſeat of happineſs—her ſoul was racked by ten thouſand fears for her dear huſband—She looked upon the careleſs throng around—a tear ſtole down her cheek—She took from her arm the image of her loved lord—and, gazing on it, was hurried through the croud.

What dignity! what beauty! what anguiſh! what ſoft ſimplicity! My boſom for a moment felt her woes.

THE LOVER.

"OH! Love, thou curſed paſſion!
"—thou ſource of diſcon-
"tent!" cried a decrepid old man of ſixty-five, as he paſſed, with a woeful ſigh. Time had ſo cheated him that he thought his youth renewed. I could not forbear ſmiling at the object before me.—"Alas! poor, unfortu-
"nate old man, cried I, love muſt
"be blind indeed—or thou wilt ſtand
"but a poor chance of ſucceeding
"with the idol of thy heart."

This is thy fortunate day, whiſpered *Flattery*—for here comes a female whoſe ſprightly looks beſpeak her to have the treaſure of which you came in purſuit.

A WOMAN of the TOWN.

BEFORE I could get up to her, a gentleman took her by the hand. At his touch, the roſes left her cheeks, and gave place to the lilies—but preſently they both gave place to that fiend, called, Rage. "Wretch, ſhe exclaimed, are you not "ſatisfied with bringing me to ruin? "—but muſt you inſult the miſery "you have occaſioned?"—"You are "very fine, Flora, ſaid he, and ſeem "to be ſurrounded with plenty— "therefore why ſo diſcompoſed?"— "I wear the trappings of guilt," cried the fair upbraider, in reproachful accents

accents—" You taught me to wear " them—therefore, in pity leave me" —He did ſo, ironically wiſhing her a proſperous day.—(Into how many errors will a pretty face lead a man!) —Her features reſumed their ſprightlineſs and ſerenity;—and another man might be as much miſtaken as I was. I determined to addreſs her—" Your " looks beſpeak you good and happy, " young lady"—" And your appear- " ance beſpeaks you poor and igno- " rant," retorted ſhe, turning from me with a ſcornful bluſh—that bluſh and her confuſion at once betrayed what ſhe wiſhed to conceal.—" Alas, " madam, we are all the children of " error. I am not poor, or ignorant

" —nor

" —nor are you good and virtuous
" —but why are you more diſpleaſed
" with me than I am with you?—
" You wear the trappings of guilt—
" you owned you did;—and I heard
" the confeſſion with ſorrow—take,
" therefore, this guinea—ſpend the
" day in innocence—To-morrow,
" perhaps, Providence may raiſe you
" a friend to ſupply your wants—
" till want ſhall be no more."—
" What do you expect in return for
" your preſent?" ſaid ſhe.—" Your
" prayers and reformation, anſwered
" I—that our mutual charity may
" cover a multitude of ſins—both
" yours and mine." I would not
ſtay to receive a thank—It is a tribute

too

too great for misfortune to give, or benevolence to receive. What pity, that ſo much beauty and elegance ſhould be deſtroyed by the deſigns of guilt—and how thankful ought I to be, that my Julia gave me a daughter, whoſe mind promiſes peace to herſelf and her parents—I will carefully watch over her, I cried,—for ſhould ſhe err as this fair beauty has done, how ſharp would be the thorns ſhe would plant round my pillow.

THE MERCHANT.

HE is a merchant, for traffick is written upon his forehead—and anxiety hangs upon his brow. He is too anxious about the affairs of the world to enjoy many of its ſweets. The riches of the Eaſt are his treaſure —and the ſtorms of the ocean, his torment.—His thoughts are conſtantly employed about getting money—and he is a ſtranger to all the ſoft delights of life. Benevolence and love never animate his boſom. " Good God! " that a man ſhould think he was " only made to buy and ſell—without " once reflecting on the ſhortneſs " and

" and uncertainty of his exiſtence—
" when, perhaps a ſlip—or an acci-
" dental fall from the very ſhip,
" which brings his treaſures—may
" terminate his ſpan of life—and he
" can buy and ſell no more." For ſtrange, and unaccountable are ſometimes the vagaries of that dreadful perſonage, Death.

I thank my good father, that he did not confine me to the ſlaviſh occupation of a merchant—and for chuſing me an employment which gives me an opportunity of enjoying life as prudence and religion ſhould direct.

THE FOOTMAN.

A Footman prevented my meditations from dwelling longer with the merchant—He had in his arms a little dog, which he happened to ſet down upon the graſs juſt before me—and intreated him to walk;—but the animal being as whimſical as his miſtreſs—and too fat and indolent to do as he was bid, ſtretched himſelf on the carpet of nature—"Kick him, "ſaid I,—and I warrant you, he'll "run before you."—"That's very "true, Sir, replied the man; but if "I ſpurn Cæſar I ſhall loſe my place "—for he's the darling of my lady's

" heart."—" Your lady is not mar-
" ried then, I ſuppoſe?"—" Yes, and
" has been theſe ten years." " Has
" ſhe any children?"—" Only ſeven"
" —And yet that puppy the darling
" of her heart!—Surely her under-
" ſtanding is not ſuperior to that of
" her dog.—And are you content to
" ſerve ſuch a miſtreſs?"—" I am per-
" fectly ſatisfied to ſerve my ſuperiors,
" ſince Providence has thought fit to
" place me in the ſituation of a ſer-
" vant—but I am not at all times
" pleaſed with being forced to wait
" upon a dog. Yet this place is a
" great deal better than my former,
" where my chief employment was
" to attend a jackanapes, that was

" con-

" continually tormenting me, with " one miſchievous trick or other— " to all which I was obliged to ſub- " mit—ſo, come hither, ſweet Cæſar, " —you are, I muſt ſay, a far better " maſter than the jackanapes."— He took up the dog—bowed reſpect- fully—and, humming a tune, walked off to give Cæſar an airing.

The footman was a much better philoſopher than I.—To be content with our ſituation it is ſometimes ne- ceſſary to compare it with one that is worſe—But to be content with a little —and yet owe that little to the ſervile employment of waiting upon a dog, and a jackanapes, is great indeed!

—Had

—Had my wife loved her dog and her monkey better than her ſon, I ſhould certainly have ſent her to a madhouſe.—Good God! How fooliſh muſt a huſband look to ſee himſelf rivalled by a jackanapes!—But the world is compoſed of inconſiſtency and madneſs:—

THE VIRTUOSO.

OR why did that man offer fifteen pounds for a butterfly?—Becauſe its head and body were deformed in the moſt unaccountable manner. To be pleaſed with the monſters of nature ſhews a ſtrange diſpoſition:—And the Virtuoſo, I dare ſay, would be much more pleaſed with the butterfly, if Nature had placed the tail where the preſervation of the inſect requires the head to be fixed.

Why then do I repine, ſaid I, that my income is ſuch as will not afford

me any thing to ſpare for trifles?—For, perhaps, had I hundreds more than I wanted, I ſhould ſpend them as fooliſhly as the Virtuoſo.

I left him to make the beſt bargain he could—without venturing to tell him—I thought at beſt it would be a bad one.

THE ENGLISH NABOB.

I Turned my ſteps down another walk—and had the honour of paſſing a nobleman juſt returned from viſiting the Nabobs—and, if report ſays true, rich as one of them.—If riches can give happineſs, thought I, this man muſt be happy. I looked in his face; but ſaw no ſign hung out that could inform me ſhe had fixt her habitation in his boſom. Sickneſs and fatigue had made large furrows in his forehead. He leaned upon his companion, as if unable to ſupport himſelf.—" And is this the price of

" accumulated wealth ?—That man,
" ſaid I, think what he will to the
" contrary, was far richer before he
" left his native country. His may
" be called, *Labour in vain*:—Since,
" if he would give up all his riches
" for the health and vigour he for-
" feited in the purſuit of them,
" Hygeia is too coy, and too diſin-
" tereſted a maid to accept the bribe.
" —Better to ſtay at home in a little
" cottage of one's own, with health
" and vigour as I have done, than to
" ſupport the weight of accumulated
" wealth with ſo tottering a frame."

" Gracious God! How inconſiſtent
" are the minds of thy creatures ?—

" That one man ſhould voluntarily
" forſake his native ſhore, where thou
" hadſt kindly placed him in peace
" and plenty—to brave all the horrors
" of the deep—and breathe the un-
" wholeſome air of a burning climate
" —to toil amongſt ſavages for what
" they value only as they ſee it valued
" by us!—That one man ſhould do
" all this!—whilſt another ſhall give
" fifteen pounds for—*a butterfly!*"

THE LAWYER.

" TAKE a judgment againſt him,
" and execute it immedi-
" ately," ſaid the lawyer. The man he addreſſed was a chriſtian—The lawyer had only his name to tell he was one. " It will ruin him, if I " follow your advice," ſaid the client, who was a man of compaſſion—" If " you conſult the intereſt of another " more than you do your own," interrupted the lawyer, " why did you " ſend for me?"—I could hear no more—but I hope the man of compaſſion did not ſuffer benevolence to

be rooted from the breaſt where it ſeemed to bud.

We know that the law is good—if a man uſe it lawfully—But we ſhould ever deal with others as we would wiſh others to deal with us.—And would the lawyer like that any man ſhould take a judgment againſt him and execute it immediately?—No—Judgment belongeth only to one—and although we are all debtors to him, he would readily give us all liberty and happineſs for ever.

THE JOCKEY.

I WAS now accoſted by a perſon, whom, at firſt, I took to be a rider to ſome gentleman belonging to the turf—it was the gentleman himſelf. He had loſt his company; and therefore determined, as he did not love to be ſilent, to enter into converſation with the firſt he met—I was the man. After the morning's ſalutation, he eagerly enquired if I was at the laſt Newmarket meeting—"There was "curſed good ſport," ſaid he—"and "the knowing ones were cleverly "taken in by Lord G—'s Filly."—

"You,

" You, amongſt the reſt, I preſume,
" came off the loſer," ſaid I—" Yes,
" —a trifle—I ſmoaked the deſign
" —therefore only loſt a cool five
" hundred—not a penny deeper by
" G—." " And enough too, of all
" conſcience," exclaimed I. " Five
" hundred pounds!—What a ſum!
" —How many comfortable meals
" would it have procured the hungry!
" How many would it have kept from
" viſiting that ſepulchre of the living,
" a gaol!—It would have dried the
" orphans and the widows tears!—In
" ſhort, it would have enabled a man
" to do five hundred good actions—
" All the angels in heaven would have
" ſmiled with joy at reading the cata-
" logue.

" logue.—Inſtead of that, it is be-
" come the property of one who will
" give it to the next whoſe horſe runs
" ſwifter than his own.—Who would
" ever have ſuppoſed that horſes,
" which were only given to carry
" our bodies from place to place,
" ſhould employ the whole attention
" of our minds."—" What, you are
" a parſon," cried the noble jockey,
with the broad ſtare of aſtoniſhment!
" If ſo, pray, reverend Sir, retain
" what you have been preaching to
" me againſt the next Sabbath-day—
" it will ſave you the expence of a
" ſermon."—Another gentleman of
the turf joined us, and addreſſed my
companion—" Faith, Charles, I am
" glad

" glad to ſee you—What—ſtumbled
" into company with a parſon, ha?
" —Let us ſmoke the old prig"—
" You had better not meddle with
" him," returned the other;—" for
" he has already been preaching as if
" the devil were in him."—He took hold of his friend's arm, and left me to my reflections—it was kindly done.

If happineſs can dwell with ſuch as theſe, thought I, ſurely every one will keep race horſes—and the ſtables will become aſſembly-rooms for all the great people in the kingdom—they are already the favorite places of half of them. I will, when I go home, look at my old poney, and try

if

if I can prevail upon myſelf to part with him for a better—He is an old, but a faithful ſervant,—and often has he carried me through thick and thin. Shall I then diſpoſe of him for one, who, becauſe he is finer made—may be fleeter, and have a better gloſs upon his coat, may tempt me to loſe my money—and perhaps afterwards, in one of his capering tricks, break my bones?—Forbid it, prudence and gratitude. I will not turn jockey, ſaid I;—nor will I ſell my faithful poney for the ſake of keeping polite company, though the gentlemen of the turf ſmoke me for an old prig every time they meet me.—*The race is not always to the ſwift.*

THE POET.

I Thought he was a poet by his appearance at a diſtance—" 'Tis pity " that the fruitfulneſs of his imagi- " nation and invention cannot furniſh " him with a better coat. By the " length of his face one would ſup- " poſe he often went without a dinner. " 'Tis ſtrange that Genius is ever in " a ſtarving condition, and forced to " keep Lent half the year.—How " many hours amuſement have thy " ſoft flowing lines afforded the grave " and the gay!—They liked the " poetry—but did not trouble them- " ſelves

" ſelves about the writer.—Thou
" haſt ſpent half thy life in endea-
" vouring to entertain and inſtruct
" thy fellow creatures. And what
" has been thy reward?—Solitude
" and reproach—whilſt a fellow who
" can fiddle or balance a ſtraw on his
" noſe, ſhall live careſſed in eaſe and
" affluence. I wiſh the beauty and
" redundance of thy ideas would
" buy thee the good things of this
" life—then few would have greater
" plenty.—'Tis pity, cried I again,
" that all thy ſenſe and labour will
" hardly afford thee a miſerable ſub-
" ſiſtence in a garret—whilſt he who
" follows thee has enough for hun-
" dreds."

THE INDOLENT MAN.

HE is too lazy to employ any of his talents—or trouble himſelf about morning and evening. Half the univerſe might be deſtroyed, and he would not fatigue himſelf to look at the ruins. War and peace are alike to him—for he eateth—and ſleepeth—and careth not who is awake.

The ſluggard is a rebel to nature, for not anſwering the end for which he was created.

THE WEST INDIAN.

A Weſt Indian!—He ſeems to forget he has left a land of ſlaves. He never was in England before—That is an excuſe for him. He knows not that the poor of England are as free as he is.—He is not, however, deaf to the cries of diſtreſs—and his diſpoſition is as noble as his fortune. He ſtruck a poor wretch for ſtanding in his way—but when he found it was to ſupplicate his pity, he gave him five guineas.—The man is a chriſtian, and charity will guide him to Heaven.

THE ENGLISH ROSCIUS.

IN what various characters has that little man appeared ſince he walked the ſtage!—Yet how great—with what taſte and propriety has he appeared in each!—What applauſe has he juſtly gained!——There is one part he hath particularly acted well—That is—his own. And to have performed that with propriety deſerves applauſe in a higher degree than he, or any other hath ever received it.—He has acquired a large fortune—and he deſerves it all—For Garrick was ever the known friend to merit—and many

a fair bloſſom has he drawn from the ſhades of obſcurity.——As a man of taſte, worth, and ſenſe, he has obtained the friendſhip of the world. As an actor he has ſhone like the ſun in its meridian ſplendor. From his tongue, wit receives redoubled keenneſs—and the tale of miſery ſinks deep into the ſoul.—Grateful muſt be the thunder of applauſe, when gained by real merit.—With juſtice we may ſay, that in Garrick our Shakeſpeare ſtill lives and ſpeaks. Time has not dared to touch this favorite ſon of nature and the world. Still the youthful Hamlet—venerable Lear—and lively Benedict, equally lay claim to our praiſe and admiration.

THE LADY OF QUALITY.

WHAT an enchanting form!—What ſucceſſive vibrations did my heart experience as ſhe paſſed me!—On her countenance, I thought, appeared the unſullied hue of innocence—in her eyes was ſeated an expreſſiveneſs that was irreſiſtibly attracting. I heard her name, and ſtarted.—"Thus, Demerit, beneath a fair "outſide, ſaid I, often ſteals praiſe "—but the obſerving eye of truth "will ſtrip hypocriſy of her maſk."

"That

" That man is deceived by out-
" ward ſhew, is an homely obſervation
" —and experience daily proves to
" us the truth of it. Who, to look on
" that pretty face, would ſuppoſe it
" belonged to one that had ſo faulty
" a heart?—Would any one that
" beheld that dove-like countenance
" imagine the owner of it had broken
" through her marriage vows—given
" up her honour, and her huſband's
" which was committed to her care?
" —Would they ſuppoſe ſhe was one
" of thoſe who frequented Mrs.
" Cornelys', and preſided at the
" head of a gaming table?" It was
Lady ——. " But can rank and
" title reconcile her to herſelf in the

" hour of reflection?—Will they re-
" ſtore her own and her family's
" honour—or repentance regain her
" huſband's heart?—Perhaps they
" will not. And ſhe has brought
" wretchedneſs upon herſelf—for
" Guilt is the ſame hideous ſpectre to
" thoſe in affluence as to thoſe in
" poverty—and the trappings of
" nobility cannot hide his deformity
" from thoſe he viſits. Guilt never
" wears a maſk in the ſilent, ſerious
" hour. Conſcience will ſometimes
" buſily intrude even beneath the
" roof of the vaſt Empreſs of taſte,
" elegance, and pleaſure."

They who wander from prudence, wander from happineſs. In vain they

ſeek

ſeek for the jewel they have loſt—It is not to be found—even at Cornelys' maſquerade, or the harmonic ſociety.—

" But I am a plain, ſimple man," ſaid I. " My ſentiments are neither " clever or uncommon—And were I " to tell the lady theſe truths ſhe " would not believe me—Yet, as ſelf- " love makes us careful of ourſelves, " ſo ſhould benevolence make us " careful of others."

THE SAILORS.

"LET's crown this night with red "and white," roared a ſailor who was ſauntering down the walk after her ladyſhip, unmindful of the pompous throng before him—when he met a brother tar, whom he ſhook by the hand, with "What cheer, "Jack?—how long ha ye been "aſhore?"—The man he ſpoke to appeared to be happy—but his words ſoon diſcovered his looks to be deceitful. "I am juſt come aſhore, ſaid "he, and received only twenty ſhil-

"lings

" lings prize money, when I ſhould
" have had twenty pounds"—" Split
" my topſails," replied his friend—
" this is the end of all their palavor-
" ing. Howſomever, neer mind,
" my lad—lets go and toſs a can of
" ſtingo—and may they that cheat us
" be forced to drink Adam's ale."
They walked off.—

" The man who is defrauded of
" the labour of his hands, cannot be
" at peace, ſaid I—and what a damp
" does it throw on courage and in-
" duſtry to ſee the ſpoils of glory ſo
" unequally divided—and they who
" have had the greateſt danger and
" fatigue in the action, the leaſt of

" the

" the honour and profit. I thanked
" the Father of mankind that my
" table was never ſerved with that
" which ſhould have been the portion
" of another."

THE LIBERTINE.

"PLEASURE is all my purſuit, "Jack," ſaid the libertine to his gay companion—"She is the "miſtreſs I adore:—and one of the "faireſt, kindeſt nymphs in the uni-"verſe."

"Poor, infatuated fool," ſaid I: "—What, thou haſt given thy con-"ſcience a doſe of laudanum; "and it never wakes to tell thee of "thy folly!" The man had lulled his beſt friend to ſleep—my heart felt for him—his own did not.

THE COURTIER.

THE throng around him aped the ſame ſervility their idol paid his ſovereign—He had a bow and a ſmile for each. In his countenance ſuch a variety of paſſions were blended, that I had not penetration enough for ſome time to diſcover which was moſt predominant—At length, my imagination fixed upon ambition—as that was the moſt likely to rule the mind of a courtier—and it inſtantly determined me not to enquire of him for happineſs.—"To be the favorite of a king,

"is

" is to be diveſted of content. Envy
" and malice will point their ſtings
" through all the glare of ſplendor,
" and the nonſenſe of adulation—
" His proſperity and pomp depend
" upon the will of his maſter—The
" multitude are generally againſt the
" idol of a court—and detraction is
" buſied in pulling every action to
" pieces.—Good heaven, what a taſk!
" —Who would undertake to pleaſe
" a whole nation?—Unnoticed I
" began my days—and unnoticed let
" me end them. If heaven will give
" me a friend, let yon courtier enjoy
" the buz of fame whilſt he can—
" And heaven has given me a friend
" —what elſe is my Julia?—the beſt,

" the

" the ſincereſt of friends! In proſpe-
" rity ſhe partakes my joy, and in ad-
" verſity ſhe never forſakes me—with
" her gentleneſs ſhe ſtills the ſtorm of
" paſſion—and with her chearfulneſs
" ſhe keeps good humour alive. The
" courtier is not ſo rich as I am—
" Had I the offer of a place, I would
" not accept it. What has a man
" to do with ambition who has al-
" ready waſted half his life, and who
" knows not but the next hour may
" be his laſt?"

THE PRETTY WOMAN.

A Pretty woman tript paſt me—her ſtep was light and airy—I obſerved her face—it was Mrs. ——. She had the look of unprotected anguiſh—Melancholy was ſeated on her countenance—" That woman's " ſoul is white as innocence," ſaid I, " and ſpotleſs as true honour—yet " ſhe is not happy—ſhe ſuffers every " mortification from the follies and " vices of her huſband.—Poor Mrs. " —— thou art rich—yet far from " being an object of envy—for even " Julia, who is only the wife of a

" poor

" poor clergyman, would pity thee
" —yet is ſhe not ſo handſome, nor
" is her complexion ſo brilliant as
" thine—but neither the wing of
" time, or the hand of age can ever
" make me forget how pretty ſhe
" looked when I firſt ſaw her at the
" parſonage at W—. She was lead-
" ing her ſick father about a ſmall
" garden—How lovely was the fra-
" grant flower of innocence, ſupport-
" ing its parent ſtock!—Give me to
" that fair, gentle maid, whiſpered
" my heart—It was ſo—and I made
" her my wife within a few years."

THE COUNTRY YOUTH.

" THIS is a foine pleace," ſaid he, as he paſſed me—" and all " the whole world ſeem to be got " together—Would that ſo many " ſmart folks would walk in my " park a Sundays—ha—Maiſter?— " it would be rare fun, i'faith—Nay " doant laugh at me—I doant under- " ſtand your delicate ſpeeches—for I " am no ſcholard."—" The more is " thy misfortune," ſaid I,—" for had " thy father given thee a worſe eſtate, " and a better education, thou wouldſt " not have been ſo often the laughing

" ſtock of mankind. The portion I
" received was ſmall compared to
" thine—I have no park, or fine
" houſes to fill with company—but
" I know the language of my native
" land, and that of two or three
" others—whilſt thou ſcarce knoweſt
" the name of the father who begat
" thee,—and wouldſt be puzzled to
" ſpell the chriſtian name of the
" mother who bore thee, although
" it were only the ſimple one, De-
" borah."

THE PHILOSOPHER.

"EVERY ſtep we make in refine-
"ment is an inlet to new diſ-
"quietudes"—It was the ſpeech of a philoſopher, as he paſſed me—and who would doubt the truth of it?—I did—till I reflected on the humble cottager, who, with his narrow mind and unaſſuming heart, beholds nature with a more pleaſing glee, and taſtes her bleſſings with a finer appetite than the man who expects to meet only the delicate and the virtuous.—I have

been a philoſopher in theory—but never in practice—I have felt my own diſtreſſes, and thoſe of others—and I ſhall do ſo to the end of my life.

THE BEGGAR.

" GOD bleſs your honour—beſtow " a few halfpence on a poor " creature in diſtreſs."—" If I may " credit thy words and thy appear- " ance," ſaid I, " thou art in diſtreſs " —but why doſt thou not endeavour " to ſatisfy thy hunger by the labour " of thy hands?—Induſtry is com- " mendable—Idleneſs brings anguiſh " upon itſelf."—" I know it does," returned the poor wretch,—" but " being brought up in idleneſs, with " a proſpect of independence before " me, I never thought that poverty

 " would

" would be my lot—I was heir to a
" conſiderable eſtate, which was en-
" tailed, and ſhould have deſcended
" to me on the death of an uncle—
" Without conſulting him, I married
" a girl whom I loved far better than
" wealth.—She was poſſeſſed of every
" virtue—and I thought no one could
" diſapprove my choice—ſhe was—
" but there is no deſcribing her—My
" uncle was diſpleaſed becauſe I mar-
" ried a beggar, although he could
" have made us both rich.—He for-
" bade me his houſe—ſued a fine—
" and cut me off with a ſhilling—
" leaving my eſtate to a ſtranger.
" —The cruelty of my relations—
" who all followed the example of the
" rich

" rich man—the frowns of poverty,
" and the world, ſoon carried my
" Eliza to her grave.—Sickneſs and
" diſtraction for ſome time procured
" me the aſylum of an hoſpital—but
" when health returned I was diſ-
" charged to the fate you ſee—Had
" Eliza been ſpared me, I could have
" been content—but ſince ſhe is gone
" —whilſt I beg your charity, I beg
" moſt earneſtly of heaven to releaſe
" me from a world of diſquietude."
—I turned from him to conceal the pity which I almoſt bluſhed at being found guilty of in ſuch good company.—The poor beggar miſtook the motive—" What, you will not relieve
" me," ſaid he (in a tone that would

have ſoftened a heart ever ſo flinty)
" —and I ſuppoſe, like an hundred
" others whom I have addreſſed this
" morning, you make diſbelief a
" pretence for keeping your money
" in your pocket?—Turn not your-
" ſelf away from the next you meet
" in want, and may heaven forgive
" you for turning yourſelf from me."
" —You are miſtaken, friend," ſaid I,
" —I am not an unmerciful man,—
" and the man who has always been
" above fawning cannot inſult any
" one—Take this little piece of gold
" —I will not refuſe to relieve you
" becauſe you are a ſtranger—for on
" that account, I think, you have a
" greater claim to my pity—Remem-
" ber,

" ber, Lazarus was a beggar—but " nevertheleſs the peculiar care of " Providence.—I want not to enquire " whether you deſerve my pity—I " truſt—and I hope you do.—Thou " wilt meet thy Eliza one day in " heaven," ſaid I;—and I left him whilſt his gratitude was ſtruggling for words.

The world called mine an imprudent match, becauſe my Julia had no other fortune than herſelf—and that was a great one.—How much happier was I than the poor beggar, that I was enabled to ſupport the woman I loved —though not in affluence—yet above the diſtreſs which Eliza ſuffered.

THE ALDERMAN.

THE puffing of an Alderman drew my reflections from the ſon of famine—to the ſon of luxury. "How much that man ſuffers, ſaid "I, for his gluttony!—why his legs "bend under the enormous weight "of his body!—Alas! that the good "things of this life ſhould be turned "to evil—would that ſon of Helio-"gabulus be content with moderate "diet, his body would be light and "airy as mine."

"Although I am only a poor "parſon, I would not change ſitu-

"ations

" ations with that monſter of fat for
" all the varieties with which his table
" is deckt.—He is endeavouring to
" take a little exerciſe in order to en-
" creaſe his appetite. It would be
" in vain to talk to ſuch a one—there-
" fore he muſt feaſt—till he himſelf
" becomes a feaſt for the worms—
" Imagination ſhudders at the thought
" —I will purſue it no further."

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

"HOW came that black, ſooty
" fellow to wander in St.
" James's park?—How durſt he
" preſume to ſnuff up the ſame air—
" with the ſovereign of a nation?"
Pride aſked the queſtion—and Truth
replied,—" Becauſe he has an equal
" right to it—and although he cannot
" eat ſo well as the alderman, he
" breathes much more comfortably."
" How happy," ſaid I, " is it for
" poor Sweep that his body is ſo
" much leſs than the Alderman's—
" for had it not, we muſt have had

" our chimneys enlarged, or he could
" not have got his bread.—Poor
" fellow:—Heaven, in pity to thee,
" will never let thee grow to the size
" of him who now walks at thy right
" hand."

THE MERCHANT's CLERK.

"TO be ſhut up continually in "a 'compting-houſe is miſer-"able—and to know I muſt be ſo "for years is enough to diſtract one." Were I a young man, thought I, I ſhould repine at being under ſuch confinement—it is giving up liberty for property.—May the youth know how to uſe the valuable bleſſing when he has gained it.

THE PHYSICIAN.

" THERE goes a man whoſe
" character is truly reſpectful
" —and whoſe profeſſion is of gene-
" ral uſe to the world—Yet the worſt
" enemies to mankind are his beſt
" friends.—Fevers—Agues—Gouts
" —and Swellings—whilſt they tor-
" ment thouſands—are patrons to
" the phyſician—and the Small-Pox
" has been the means of lining many
" an equipage.—I am far from wiſh-
" ing to be a phyſician," ſaid I,
—" unleſs I could ſteel my heart
" againſt the ſufferings of my fellow-

" creatures—which is a wiſh no one
" could deſire to form.—The mind
" of the phyſician muſt be continu-
" ally wounded by the ſorrows to
" which he is a witneſs; his thoughts
" muſt be perpetually employed for
" the ſervice of others—yet is he
" not himſelf excluded from the
" afflictions incident to our nature—
" but muſt at laſt himſelf ſubmit to
" be conquered by that power, whoſe
" attacks upon others he has ſo often
" repelled."

G——L P——I.

I Did not wonder at the croud—I ran into the thickeſt part of it to get a look at that renowned hero—"What avail the applauſes of a "multitude to a man, who, after "enduring a variety of hardſhips, "was forced to *give up* his country, "and forſake his brave countrymen!" —He felt their wounds in his heart—and the traces of their ſorrows could be ſeen in his animated countenance. For a moment I felt his grief and diſappointments:—"That man is a "hero," ſaid I—"but heroes are "not always ſucceſsful." P——

looked as if he *deſerved* to be ſo—that will ſoften his diſappointment.—Kings are proud to be his friends—perhaps he had been a king had not heaven thought a crown too heavy for his brows—he ought to be thankful.—The ruling vice of great ſouls is thirſt of fame—yet fame is only pleaſant when time has mellowed it into truth—it has done ſo for P——, yet he does not enjoy it—I am ſorry he cannot.

THE METHODIST.

"I Diſlike the whole tribe of them "—the lifting up of their "hands and eyes is no proof of their "religion—the lifting up one ſincere "heart in the cloſet where the Al-"mighty only is preſent, is far prefer-"able to all ſuch external actions—"but hypocriſy," ſaid I, peeviſhly, "too often aſſumes the name of "religion to ſteal from our minds a "good opinion."—That general can-dour and benevolence which our re-ligion teaches us to have for all

mankind reproached me for not allowing there might be good people in every ſect.—I owned there might —and thought more favourably of the Methodiſt—although I could not allow him to be a wiſe man.

THE QUAKER.

" THAT female Quaker is very
" pretty—her dreſs is plain
" —ſimple—and becoming—and ſhe
" is fairer than many of the painted
" tabernacles that are much finer—
" yet ſhe looks diſappointed—ſhe
" came in ſearch of her lover—and
" cannot find him—ſo her eyes tell
" by their wandering.—Take care,
" Tabitha—Obadiah may be falſe—
" let not thy ſpirit move thee to re-
" proach him, leſt he taketh advan-
" tage of thy love, and thou becomeſt
" as frail as thou art pretty."

THE MIMICK.

WHO could look at that man with pleaſure?—his wit diverts for a moment; but it often wounds for months—he ſeems himſelf to be an object of ridicule—He is a cripple—and his face is as ugly as ill nature—Many a one has he ſent to their pillow with ſhame and diſcontent—and at the ſame time that he was holding up to publick view their faults,—he was executing juſtice by expoſing—his own. "Turn thy ill-"natured wit and buffoonery into "humour,"

" humour," ſaid I,—" and I ſhall
" be glad to ſpend an hour with you
" in my ſtudy over a bottle of *Port*
" —I cannot afford to treat with
" *Champaigne*."

THE GAMESTER.

"RUINED, paſt redemption—"every farthing gone—A "curſe on the ſet of wretches who "defrauded me!"—A volley of execrations followed too ſhocking to be repeated.—"Rather curſe thy own "folly," ſaid I, "than the men you "courted to cheat you—you wanted "to win an eſtate of thoſe who had "none to loſe—The odds were "againſt you—and you are now as "poor and miſerable as they—per-"haps more ſo—for to you poverty "wears a hideous aſpect—and every

"want

" want ſhe brings will be felt with " redoubled keenneſs—becauſe, hadſt " thou not turned prudence out of " doors, poverty would not have en- " tered in."—I never took a pack of cards, except to play picquet with my wife—then I was ſure not to come off a loſer—but a man ſhould not boaſt of his own virtues.

THE FINE LADY.

I Can ſcarcely walk, cried a female, who had two as handſome feet and legs as a man ſhould ſee, were he favoured with ſeeing as much of five hundred pair of legs as I did of the lady's—for ſhe held up her petticoat for fear of dirtying it.—She was a fine lady—and conſequently had not learnt to walk—at the age of twenty. —Had ſhe been born without legs ſhe would have repined—yet, ſhe might as well be without any as not know how to uſe them—but to ſee

—and

—and walk—is not the faſhion—On faſhion be the blame—not on the lady —for I dare ſay, ſhe will walk as well as I do—when it is unfaſhionable to totter on French heels—not broader than a ſilver penny.—

THE HUMBUGGER.

"YONDER *is a man tumbled*
"*down in a fit.*"—Humanity and compaſſion made me, with two or three others, run to give the poor man all the aſſiſtance in our power—we haſtened to the end of the park—there was no one in a fit—we were made fools by a humbugger—and I was once glad that I had been deceived by the tale of falſehood—"I "have loſt nothing," ſaid I, "by "being miſtaken—but that man by "being a lyar loſes the good opinion "of mankind—and were he ſur-
"rounded

" rounded with anguiſh, he muſt
" endure the gloom by himſelf—for
" few would believe he was in pain
" till he was juſt expiring. A perſon
" accuſtomed to treat mankind with
" falſehoods will ever find it a diffi-
" cult taſk to convince the world
" when he does ſpeak the truth.—
" To enjoy the moſt laughable jeſt,
" I could not perſuade myſelf to
" deceive any one—even for a mo-
" ment."

THE PRETTY FELLOW.

"WHAT! is that ſome young
"lady dreſt in her brother's
"cloaths by way of frolick?—No—
"that is what the world calls a
"pretty fellow—a jeſſamy ſpark—
"the ſhadow of a ſhade—dreſt after
"the manner of the French and
"Engliſh.—He ſeems all a feather
"from head to foot. Really, he is
"a mighty pretty fellow—and I will
"buy my boy Charles the image of
"him at a toy-ſhop before I return;
"—he'll ſoon ſee what he is without
"his cloaths, and never be dreſt as

" his doll was :—he perfumes the
" very air. Had he the virtues of a
" civet cat, it would ſave him a world
" of expence—but if he does it to
" hide a natural imperfection, it is
" excuſable."

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

" WHAT a ſurprize ſhe is in! I
" wiſh ſhe could conceal it;
" for ſhe will be preſently pointed at
" for a country girl by every gay
" fellow in the park—and unleſs ſhe
" is ſurrounded with friends, ſhe may
" become a prey to her own ſim-
" plicity.—Why did the father truſt
" his darling from his ſafe and peace-
" ful retreat?—London is a dange-
" rous ſoil for beauty—I dare ſay her
" little heart flutters with pleaſure
" at viewing the gay ſcene around—
" remember, fair maid, all is not
" gold

" gold that glitters—nor will every
" man who talks to thee tell thee the
" truth, as I would do—but cuſtom
" is againſt me—and thou wouldſt
" not believe unwelcome truths from
" the tongue of a ſtranger."

A GENTLEMAN JUST RETURNED FROM HIS TRAVELS.

"RAT me if this place isn't diſmal "beyond all deſcription— "The ſtupid, heavy climate is only "fit for its ſtupid inhabitants!"—The ſpark has travelled for amuſement,—and loſt even common ſenſe—He had brought away the follies and vices of every nation; and loſt his honour, religion, and humanity—his parents would have done better had they kept him at home.—How unlike the worthy B——d! with all the advantages of a good education and ſolid judg-

judgment, he travelled in the purſuit of knowledge;—and has gleaned, into his own boſom, the virtues of every nation through which he paſſed —He will be an ornament to his country—to which he is firmly attached.—I wiſh truth would permit me to ſay as much for the other—who, I am afraid, only rambled from nation to nation—and returned from making the grand tour—with his head as empty as—his pockets.

Mrs. M——.

" I Wiſh I could ſpeak to thee,
" Kate—but thou art too much
" employed in reciting the actions of
" the illuſtrious dead to have much
" time for trifling converſation with
" the living; hadſt thou been a man,
" I would have courted thy friend-
" ſhip—nor ſhouldſt thou have found
" me unworthy of thine. I admire
" thy ſpirit—thy ſenſe, and pene-
" tration—thou art an honor to thy
" ſex and nation—and when I grow
" rich, thy writings ſhall be ſeen on
" the

" the moſt favorite ſhelf in my ſtudy."
—Imagination thus converſed with the female patriot, and was pleaſed. Such is often the amuſement of the mind.

THE ROMISH PRIEST.

" WHAT vanity and preſump-
" tion! that man ſhould
" ſuppoſe he can pardon the ſins of
" others, and yet have the weight of
" ſo many on his own head! Why
" did he not ſtay in the land of ſuper-
" ſtition?—I ſhould bluſh at ſeeing
" an Engliſhman on his knees to you,
" —more than I ſhould at hearing a
" long catalogue of tranſgreſſions.—
" It is more excuſable to fall down
" before a crucifix—it might convey
" to the mind an idea of a great
" tranſ-

" tranſaction.—But to kneel to ſuch
" a man as that, is to pay adoration
" to the repreſentative of folly and
" inconſiſtency—for the romiſh prieſt
" is no better than his neighbours.—
" May the ſupplications of mankind
" be ever and only addreſſed to that
" Being who is placed far above
" all principality and power,—and
" might,—and dominion—and every
" name that is named, not only in
" this world, but that which is to
" come."

THE OLD SOLDIER.

"SO you were thus maimed in the "ſervice of your country—and "yet have neither aſylum or pen-"ſion?"—"Neither"—"'Tis hard."—I won't ſay what I gave him more than pity—for pity alone would not have given him a dinner.—Certainly, ſaid I, this man has never been ſo fortunate as to be obſerved by the great—yet he every morning wanders an object worthy of reſpect and compaſſion amongſt hundreds of them;—but almoſt every mortal now-a-days is near-ſighted—and who would take

up

up a glaſs to look at ſo diſtreſsful an object as a crippled ſoldier?—one who ventured his life—(the only treaſure he was poſſeſſed of)—to guard our properties from the hands of our enemies.—Benevolence, where art thou fled? (and have gratitude and pity followed thy flight?)—that this brave fellow has not where to lay his head.

THE MISER.

HIS looks likewiſe beſpeak diſtreſs —but can the man have any claim upon our pity who ſuffers thouſands to lie ruſting in his cheſt?—Would that his fortune were as narrow as his heart—and that the wounded ſoldier had his wealth; the miſer would not want what he never uſed —his ſordidneſs keeps every one from being his friend.—The noble pleaſures of charity—friendſhip—benevolence, and ſociety, he never knew; he never had a friend—without which the world

world is as barren as a deſart—His children wiſh for the hour that will ſummon him from his mortal ſtage. —He is as ill-natured as he is ſordid —and lives only to torment them ;— (meanneſs and avarice can know no worſe evils than themſelves) he will be put into the earth without a tear of regret being ſhed over his grave —a ſure proof of his wanting thoſe virtues which are the honor of human nature. Such an one would give up all hopes of heaven, could he be permitted to grovel amidſt his gold for ever on earth.

THE SISTERS.

"HOW goes my bonnet, ſiſter "Gatty?"—"Incomparably; "—and you look charmingly, my dear "Bab"—"And ſo do you, I vow and "proteſt—we ſhall certainly fulfil "mama's hopes, by marrying people "of faſhion—Don't you ſee half the "ladies of quality are not ſo hand-"ſome as we are?"—"May the "thought humble your vanity, ſaid "I,—for it muſt damp your hopes "of ſucceſs.—If beauty were the "only bait to draw people of rank

" into matrimony, you would ſee more
" handſome wives.—What conſum-
" mate vanity!—The daughters of
" a pinmaker to aim at becoming
" people of rank!—becauſe their
" faces were tolerably painted by art
" and nature.—Mama's hopes!—for-
" get them—for ye had better have
" been as plain as two barbers blocks,
" than encourage ſuch vain ridicu-
" lous hopes—Would people bring
" up their children according to the
" ſituation in which Providence has
" thought proper to place them, we
" ſhould not ſee ſo many nymphs
" offering themſelves to ſale at every
" publick theatre of diverſion.—It
" is the want of induſtry makes

" ſe-

" ſeduction ſo frequent.—Would
" mothers teach their daughters to
" earn and mend their clothes, they
" would learn pride of themſelves in
" wearing them."

THE BLACK.

WHY did I ſtart?—That jetty countenance perhaps never bluſhed for guilt—and if ſo, his heart is as fair as his countenance is gloomy. —" A Slave!—The heart ſhudders " at a fellow-creature's being a ſlave " —expoſed to ſale in a publick " market—beat and inured to hard- " ſhips—monſtrous!—Yet are they " often lively and happy as their " maſters—and even that man," ſaid I, " flatters himſelf with the hopes of " reviſiting his own country when he " dies—many cannot be made ſen- " ſible of any other change, than that

" of

" of returning to the country from
" which he was ſo diſgracefully ſold
" —and the thought affords pleaſure.
" —So natural is our attachment to
" the place where we ſpent the early
" part of our lives—it calls to mind
" the pleaſing days of innocence—
" But the ſlave muſt ſurely have for-
" gotten his parents, who only re-
" garded him in his days of infancy
" as a treaſure of which they deter-
" mined to make the moſt.—Sigh
" not, then, to return to ſuch unhoſ-
" pitable ſhores—Would that I
" could explain to you all the far
" happier proſpect that awaits you—
" for I doubt not but there will one
" day be as many Blacks as Whites
" in Paradiſe."

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

"THAT a man of pleaſure!" ſaid I:—"Why his looks "beſpeak him a man of care—and "he walks like a child juſt out of his "leading-ſtrings—yet ſurely he is "one that never would be led—for "would an enemy have guided him "to ſuch a complication of infirmi-"ties?—A man of pleaſure!—why "he looks as miſerable as a religious "lunatick—my heart akes to behold "him—but vain have been the aking "hearts of his friends—and had "YOUNG written to reform him, he

" would have written in vain—and
" that man who thinks he does not
" want the advice of his friend, is in
" the greateſt danger of wanting it
" the moſt."

THE DUKE OF *********.

" I Know his Grace—and methinks
" I can read a thouſand virtues
" in his open countenance—Is happi-
" neſs concealed beneath that ſtar?—
" She is ſurely become vaſtly proud
" to fix her abode with one of
" ſuch high rank.—He ſighs—The
" wounds of his bleeding country are
" fixt within his heart—he is not
" happy—but he has the pleaſure of
" knowing he deſerves to be ſo—May
" I carry the ſame ſatisfaction with
" me to my grave—and I will never
" ſigh for a ſtar."

LORD *****.

HE addreſſed his Grace—his character was not ſo white—but his attendants were more numerous—and pride ſeemed to have exerted her utmoſt invention to adorn—or rather to torture him—His hair ſtood as erect with powder and pomatum as the quills of a porcupine.—

" What a wonderful parade is
" made by folks in high life," ſaid I,
" —yet are they the moſt abject ſlaves
" to that whimſical, fickle goddeſs,
" called Faſhion;—they eat—drink
" —dreſs

" —dreſs—and ſleep by her rules.—
" Heaven defend us, to what a
" ſtrange, voluntary bondage will
" ſome people ſubmit!—Far better is
" this old coat and hat with eaſe—
" than to be puniſhed by the hand
" hired to adorn.—Neither my body
" nor table is covered with vanity—
" (nor does monſieur Tupee every
" morning tear up my hair by the
" roots to force its lankneſs into a
" curl) and the one diſh which *Mary*
" the cook ſets before me is agree-
" able and wholeſome—ſuch as Julia
" and my ſoul love—whilſt neatneſs
" and freedom add keenneſs to the
" appetite."

THE REVERIE.

THE park begins to be deſerted —'tis now the faſhionable hour of dining—but the hour has long been fled ſince my little family regaled themſelves.—I will not return home till the evening; but ſpend the remaining part of the day in viſiting the ſhops—perhaps I may find a happy mortal amongſt the mechanical tribe—(many a noble ſoul has been clad in a humble garb)—at leaſt I will wander this day in the purſuit of that treaſure which the wiſeſt of men have been in purſuit of all their lives. —I left the park.—

THE TAYLOR.

"I Love Sue, and Sue loves me"—bawled a taylor, who was ſitting on a board at a little corner ſhop—"And mayſt thou continue to love her "to the end of thy days," ſaid I.—Into the ſhop I ſtept, and deſired he would mend a ſlit in my coat which I had rent by ſuddenly ſnatching my arm from the ſnowy hand of my Julia.—Impatience has often met with a worſe misfortune.—The taylor ſoon finiſhed the job—and I paid him—"So, you "and *Sue* love each other, honeſt "friend?"--"Sir?" ſaid he.—"Is not

" your wife's name *Sue?*" ſaid I again.
" No, pleaſe you, Sir, her name is
" *Peg*,—and a greater ſcold there
" is not this day in Billingſgate."
" I wiſh thou wert in heaven, friend,"
ſaid I,—and haſtily left the ſhop—
for I diſlike the look of a ſcold,—
and ſhould not have been pleaſed to
have heard the poor taylor alter his
tune.

THE PASTRYCOOK.

I Was hungry—and ſtept into a paſtrycook's ſhop—the man civilly aſked me to ſit down—and obligingly enquired what I would pleaſe to have—I choſe an eel pye—which as I was eating, I could not help admiring the civility of the man to every one that came.—"Thy table," ſaid I, "is decked with plenty—and thou "art ever ſurrounded with com-"pany."—"Yet I find it a hard "matter to live," cried he, ſhaking his head—I was ſorry for him—for his

his dejected countenance told me he ſpake the truth—I paid him double the value for his pye—and wiſhed his induſtry might be attended with proſperity.

THE LANDLORD.

I Stept over the way to a tavern—went into a room—called for a pint of wine—the landlord was ſo obliging as to favor me with his company—but our tête-à-tête was interrupted—

THE BLOOD.

IN came a figure which the world calls a Blood.—He had a patch over one of his eyes—his clothes were torn—and his wig awry.—" Well, " landlord," ſaid he,—" thy body ſtill " continues its uſual prominency, I " ſee—fetch me a bottle of wine, " old *Suckum*—I want ſomething to " recruit my ſpirits."—The landlord went to do as he was ordered—" We " had d—d good ſport laſt night, " Sir, (ſpeaking to me) we broke the " lanthorns of a dozen watchmen— " beat three women of the town,—

" and

" and threw a waiter out of the win-
" dow, becauſe the dog was imperti-
" nent."—" And do you call it ſport,
" young gentleman, to endanger the
" lives of your fellow-creatures?"
" The fineſt in the world, old Square-
" toes—Pour out a glaſs, landlord.—
" A ſcore of us will meet here to-
" night—we have more miſchief in
" view—and our pockets are well
" lined."—" It would be well for
" you," ſaid I, " if your head had a
" better lining, though your pockets
" were emptied to pay for the pur-
" chaſe of it."—" What, do you
" mean to affront me?—do you
" know who I am?"—" No;—for
" I never ſaw ſuch a thing before—
" yet

" yet as thy appearance has ſome-
" thing human in it, charity teaches
" me to wiſh thou wert a chriſtian.—
" Do'ſt thou think thou wert ſent
" into the world only to murder
" waiters, and break lanthorns?—It
" would have been better for thee
" not to have been born."—" Whit-
" field, by G—! —— Landlord, if
" you harbour ſuch cattle, you muſt
" expect I ſhall leave your houſe.—
" Shew me into another room."—I
was glad he withdrew—the man was
a monſter, and he felt himſelf the
deſpicable wretch he was—or why
did he fly from a man who only ſpoke
the truth.—Thus we ſometimes ſhrink
with terror from a harmleſs inſect—

or

or the lightning's flaſh—yet nurſe in our boſoms thoſe horrid monſters,—Cruelty and Murder.—The landlord came back for another glaſs—his wife preſently followed.—

THE LANDLADY.

" MR. Fatſides," ſaid ſhe, " why
" do you ſit loitering here,
" and leave me expoſed to the inſults
" of the fellows?—but the vulgarity
" of your ideas baniſhes all delicacy
" from you."—" What is the matter,
" my dear Alice?"—" Your dear!
" —yes, indeed, I ought to be dear
" to you—the matter is, that young
" ſpark who came here laſt has got a
" miſs with him,—and I won't have
" ſuch *normous* doings in my houſe."
" What ſhould I do, child?—if the
" young fellow chuſes to invite a
" lady

" lady into his room, would you have
" me go and bid her leave him?"
" —Your want of *pullitenefs* and
" *ererdition*," ſaid ſhe, " is not to
" be borne—ſit and drink till you
" burſt that tunbelly of your's."—
She went out in a paſſion—we had only a pint of wine before us.—The landlord and taylor may ſhake hands, thought I; the wife of the one ſcolds in an ungenteel—the other in an uncommon language—but both equally torment their huſbands—The landlord looked dejected—I paid him for the wine,—and after he had thanked me with a bow and a ſcrape—
" Nothing," ſaid he, " is ſo great a
" plague as a bookiſh ſentimental

" wife—my Alice is always reading
" when ſhe has time—and then talks
" like a woman that is mad—about
" the vivacious ebullations of fancy
" —and raves about virtue, truly, as
" if every man had a deſign to raviſh
" her."—" Let her not make thee
" mad, friend, and all will one day
" be well," ſaid I.—

THE SHOW MAN.

"WALK in and ſee the lions," cried the man—"the great "he lion from Bengal."—I refuſed the invitation—The Blood was a ferocious animal—and the landlady, though ſhe hung out the ſign of the Angel, was an Hyæna in her heart. —After ſeeing two monſters, I did not chuſe to ſee any more.

THE MILLINER's SHOP.

" 'TIS a genteel ribbon," ſaid I, " —and I will buy it for " my Julia:—nor is that the only " treaſure I ſhall have purchaſed in " my ramble—for I ſhall carry home " more wiſdom than I brought out." —I went into the ſhop—the miſtreſs of it was dreſt out much finer than any of her dolls,—and nearly repreſented that curious one in the poſſeſſion of Mr. George Alexander Stevens.—" Cut me five yards of this " ribbon," ſaid I—She ſent a pretty girl, who was her apprentice, to ſerve me.

THE MILLINER's 'PRENTICE.

" THOU art handſomer than the
" ribbon, child," ſaid I;—
" and I think that is a beauty, or it
" ſhould not be bound round the
" head of my Julia.—That bluſh
" would excell the roſe of ſpring—be
" not aſhamed—I wiſh thou wert not
" placed in this ſhop—flattery is dan-
" gerous to youth."—" Since you
" wiſh the girl were not expoſed to
" flattery, why do you addreſs it to
" her?" cried her miſtreſs.—" May
" no one," replied I, " flatter her
" with a worſe deſign—I am a ſerious

" man, and have no heart to give
" her—neither do I wiſh for her's—
" may her mind be as beauteous as
" her perſon, and ſhe will outſhine
" your patroneſs, madam Faſhion—
" Fare thee well, ſweet maid," ſaid
I;—" thy dawn of beauty promiſes
" many revolving years ere its luſtre
" fade—mayſt thou take prudence
" and virtue for thy guides to direct
" thee through the mazy paths of
" life—and may thy miſtreſs's cuſ-
" tomers be all the votaries of Honor
" —then, as the bee gathers honey
" from every flower, thou wilt gather
" inſtruction from every tongue."—
She made me a curteſy of humility—
and her eyes thanked me more than

her

her curteſy—the drop of gratitude trembled in them.—" Had I been " the father of that fair bloſſom," ſaid I, as I ſhut the door, " I would " rather have ſent her into the high- " lands of Scotland—or have made " her turn the wheel of induſtry for " her ſubſiſtence, than truſt my roſe- " bud in the fair of Vanity—Many a " pair of laced ruffles, bags, and " ſword-knots, will her pretty face " ſell for her miſtreſs."

THE OFFICER.

" DEAR and ſacred are the bonds
" which unite my ſoul to my
" Amanda's—yet do not unjuſtly
" ſuſpect that love has robb'd me
" of my courage—Let the trumpet
" ſound to war, Frank, and with you
" I am ready to ruſh on old England's
" foes, and join the bloody havock
" of contending armies."—" Were
" I a king," ſaid I, " that man
" ſhould be a general—I could almoſt
" become a ſupplicant for him at the
" foot of the throne—His dreſs be-
" ſpeaks him only a lieutenant—and
" unleſs

" unleſs he has friends in power, a
" lieutenant he may die—How muſt
" he love his King and Country to
" leave a wife that hangs ſo much
" about his heart?—Could clime,
" cuſtom, or bribery pervert his noble
" ſoul?—No—he will ever remain
" untainted by vice—he prefers the
" publick good to private happineſs
" —May ſucceſs crown him with
" glory, and love be the reward of
" his honour."

THE SHOEMAKER.

"FRIEND, why ſo gloomy?—"What, have you but poor "buſineſs?"—The man was ſitting at work with a woeful countenance—he told me he was in love—'Twas a piteous ſtory; for the nymph was cruel.—"You muſt endeavour to "forget her, young man."—"I "cannot—I ſee her in every ſhoe I "make—there ſhe goes," cried he, ſtaring like a madman—"and thinks "nothing of her ſhoemaker's ſuffer-"ings."—"Try and compoſe your-"ſelf," ſaid I:—"I love to ſerve any "one

" one when it is in my power—I will
" follow her, and make love for you
" —and if I can ſoften her heart in
" your favor, I will return and tell
" you ſo—if not—you will ſee me no
" more."—

THE CHAMBERMAID.

I Soon overtook her—and catching hold of her gown, and looking in her face—told her, that murder was written in her eyes.—"Heaven defend "me, what does the man mean?" "—Honeſt Criſpin calls you cruel "—and will die if you return not "his affection."—"Then he muſt "die," ſaid ſhe, laughing:—"for "I rather choſe to be a footman's "lady than a cobler's wife—and was "married to our William this morn-"ing."—She was a woman that made

made nice diſtinctions—ſhe was married alſo—and I did not chuſe to make love to another man's wife—even as deputy—There were no hopes for my new acquaintance—I don't love to be the meſſenger of ill news, and therefore left it to another to inform the ſhoemaker of the infidelity of his charmer.

THE GARDENER.

"THY employment is pleaſant," ſaid I—"many are the "beauties which bloſſom on thy beds "—without fear or danger they live "in peace;—whilſt thy careful hand "guards them from the ſpoiler. "Thou haſt time at thy command— "and the balm of Gilead is in thy "poſſeſſion. What a diverſity of "ſweets ſurround thee and pay thee "for thy labours. Pinks—lilies— "and carnations are indebted to thy "care—and thou nurſeſt variety for

"our

" our tables. The ſpot of ground
" which thou cultivateſt for thy ſup-
" port will likewiſe afford thee con-
" ſtant entertainment. Thou ſeeſt
" Beauty in triumph above the help
" of art or buz of flattery—Thou
" ſeeſt the ſhortneſs of its reign,
" and its mortifying exit—When ſur-
" rounded by thy flowers thou art as
" much amuſed as the Sultan of the
" Eaſt—and as careful of thy charge
" —thou haſt likewiſe even a greater
" variety of beauties.—The tulip
" may be compared to the coquette—
" it riſes, blooms, expoſes its beauties
" to the admiring eye—eager to court
" the ſun, it expands its leaves, and
" triumphs but for a day—unlike the
" humble

" humble lily of the vale—which
" blooms beneath the grateful ſhade,
" and being rarely ſeen is ſeen to be
" admired—dreſt in the white robes
" of innocence, it ſtrikes the eye
" and captivates the heart—whilſt its
" neatneſs and elegance will keep poſ-
" ſeſſion of the conqueſt gained by
" modeſty and beauty.—The fra-
" grance of the roſe, violet, jeſſamine
" and ſuckling are not to be equalled
" by the fineſt perfumes. The paſſion
" flower will afford him inſtruction,
" as, by viewing it carefully, he may
" read a part of that hiſtory which
" cannot be read too often. When
" his labour is ended, the fruits of
" his garden give him refreſhment,

" and

" and court his hand to gather them,
" as they peep through the foliage.—
" The gardener's employment is a
" grateful one," ſaid I, " for whilſt
" every variegated flower, in a plea-
" ſing variety, mix with the vernal
" green, and ſhew luxuriant nature
" in all her bright profuſion, the
" birds ſit paired by mutual love
" upon the branches, and hail their
" maſter's preſence with notes mel-
" liſluous."

THE CHURCH-YARD.

THIS is a ſolemn place—but I ſometimes love to viſit the awful receptacles of the dead.—The death bell—that ſolemn herald—was proclaiming ſome friend was gone. The funeral appeared——ſlow—moving with melancholy pace—and the ſad proceſſion followed a young lady cut off in all her pride and bloom of beauty. Her grave was by the ſide of a gentleman, whoſe monument boaſted a long line of anceſtors—and on the other ſide lay the remains of a beggar.—Death is the leveller of all

all diſtinctions—for at the foot of the beggar were laid the aſhes of an hero —who, like the fair maid juſt going to be incloſed, found an early grave, and bravely died to ſave his country.

" What avail all our pride—our " hatred—our riches?—what all our " different purſuits?—Since a few " years will lodge us all in one " common grave. He who founds " his hopes on immortality may " firmly brave all the ſtorms of this " bluſtering world. Death is the " ſignal of peace—Here the vain " look of folly and ſwell of pride " are lowered in the duſt—and have " at once diſcovered the little import- " ance of their wearers.—Honor—

" rank—and beauty—how low are
" ye laid!—Yet how many carry
" human vanity beyond the grave!
" —and are deſirous of ſhewing ſome
" conſequence even in the vale
" of death. All I deſire," ſaid I,
" is, to have a plain grave-ſtone
" placed over Julia and myſelf, to
" keep the ſpot from the ruthleſs
" ſpade—and to tell the paſſing
" ſtranger, that beneath that turf
" were interred a pair, who, though
" they were placed far below all great-
" neſs, were above all guilt."—I left
the church-yard.

THE TOYSHOP.

"I Will ſtep into this toyſhop," ſaid I, "and buy my boy Charles "a pretty fellow."—I did ſo—and ſoon made a purchaſe of the young gentleman. The toyſhop was an emblem of the world.—"The world "is indeed a larger toyſhop than "this," ſaid I, looking round; "but "we daily ſee its inhabitants em- "ployed after juſt ſuch trifles as this "contains in miniature.—Here are "fine ladies—fine gentlemen—and "pretty fellows—here are watches— "rings—birds and bird-cages—

" coaches—horſes—and wheel-bar-
" rows."—But the maſter of the ſhop was as great a curioſity as any it contained.

His dreſs and face denoted him a batchelor of about ſixty—the former was old-faſhioned and dirty; he was formal, ill-natured and ſhy.—Faſhion was ſuch a fickle Goddeſs, that he would not enliſt himſelf under her banners, he ſhunned the fairer part of the creation, and had contracted a ſurly ſtiffneſs.—His countenance was as ſour as vinegar.—I was ſorry for him.—How chearful, ſaid I, would a fair companion have made this miniature emblem of the world?—She would

would have given a thouſand charms to the ſcene—and the little world would have been much more pleaſing :—But the man choſe to paſs through life alone—and to make the road to Heaven dull and dreary !—

THE MAN WHO WAS GOING TO PRISON.

WHAT a croud!—I paſſed through it with difficulty—A poor wretch was going to priſon for debt—He lifted up his ſtreaming eyes to heaven, as if ſupplicating for liberty—my heart felt his anguiſh.—I enquired how much he owed his mercileſs creditor—"Ten pounds, "beſides charges."—"Good heaven! "—to be deprived of liberty for ten "pounds!"—The ſmallneſs of the ſum gave me delight—I ſtept up to him,—and giving him all the money I had

I had in my pocket—bade him purchaſe his liberty, and never deſpair, though ſurrounded with diſtreſs.—He would have knelt in the dirt to thank me, but I prevented him.—The man was poor, but honeſt—He was an huſband and a father—he had ſeen better days.—The mob ſhouted for joy—and I left him with greater ſatisfaction in my heart than a nobleman feels on entering the drawing-room in a birth-night ſuit.

" Compaſſion," ſaid I, " has this " day drawn from my purſe more " than I could afford—But I will " wear this old coat and hat twelve " months longer than I intended, " and

" and that will almoſt make things
" even—My coat is old and ruſty,
" 'tis true—but—the debtor is free."

The world began to be wrapt in darkneſs—Night had, unheeded, ſtolen upon me, and the buſy ſcene was going to be buried in oblivion.

THE HACKNEY COACHMAN.

"A Coach, Sir?"—"I will," ſaid I—"for thy vehicle is con-"veniently offered."—I was tired, and immediately ſtept in—but ere the jolting of the coach would permit me to jumble five ideas together, I obſerved a man who looked as if he deſigned to rob me.

THE FOOTPAD.

I Was right—How ſoon is a bad reſolution formed!—He boldly bade me deliver my purſe—Courage without prudence is folly and madneſs.—"There is my purſe" ſaid I,—"but "not a ſous within it;—nor have I "one in my pocket—If thou haſt "any demands upon me, call at my "houſe in the morning—I will forget "the manner in which thou haſt "addreſt me this night—and if thou "art in diſtreſs, I will relieve thee." —He muttered a curſe and left me.

How

How wonderful it is that the love of gold can lead a man to be a villain —The youth looked as if the employment was new to him—and as if he did not want to follow it.—If the gilded bait has ſuch power over the mind of youth, the heart, uncankered with the ruſt of gold at fourſcore years, muſt be a gem indeed.

THE DOOR.

THE coach ſtopt—the maid opened the door—and I borrowed two ſhillings of her to pay the fare.—" I am glad," cried honeſt Mary, " to ſee you arrived ſo pure " hoddy and well;—Madam has " fretted and fumed about you all " day—and ſhe was ſo timberſome " about your catching cold—or not " coming home to night—that it " would have done your heart good " to have heard her."—Mary was miſtaken.

THE MEETING.

"WHERE is he?" cried my Julia.—"Sure I hear my "huſband's voice."—I went into my ſtudy—and we ran into each others arms—I caught up my boys—and their careſſes were delightful.—"Sit "down, my dear," ſaid I, "and "compoſe thyſelf—Thou art not in- "ſenſible that I left thee with diſ- "content—I repined that my income "was not greater—I had a thouſand "anxieties on theſe boys accounts— "and vainly imagined all the world "was happier than I.—Pride took

"poſ-

" poſſeſſion of my mind—I wanted
" to ſee thee bleſt with all the indul-
" gences of life—and to make my
" boys great men—but a leſs period
" of time than I propoſed to leave
" thee, in order to ſhake off my
" folly and enquire of others for
" happineſs, has convinced me of
" my error—and few, I now believe,
" have ſo much reaſon to be content
" and happy as I have—Happineſs,
" I am now aſſured, is ſeated in the
" mind—and 'tis folly to go in ſearch
" of her amongſt the externals of
" life."

Several years paſt in ſtudy never ſhew'd me the diſpoſitions of mankind

kind ſo much as this ſentimental ramble of a few hours—It has made me certain that people may conquer the world by virtue and patience much eaſier than Cæſar did by the ſword.—Every ſituation in life has its ſatisfactions, which too often paſs unnoticed—even the ſlave on the burning ſoil of Guinea has his pleaſures—for the appetite which labour creates, gives a reliſh to the coarſeſt food—and the poor ſlave, from the little ſucceſs which even that ſtate affords, enjoys almoſt an equal ſatisfaction with a monarch when he enlarges his dominions.—In the moſt miſerable ſituation this conſolation ariſes;—the knowing we cannot be more wretched,

and that we ſhall ſoon arrive at a better—Therefore, if the pleaſures of life give not that ſolid ſatisfaction which we vainly expect, neither do its evils give thoſe pangs we ſo fooliſhly dread.—But when we ſuffer diſcontent to find its way into our boſoms—every ſatisfaction will find a way out—'tis therefore as much to be feared as the wily ſerpent.—To be above the calls of nature I would not wiſh—to be beneath them I ſhould bluſh.—The minds of many of thy ſex, Julia, ſaid I, reſemble the uncultivated deſert or barren mountain—whilſt thine is like the garden of Eden—abounding with a variety of beautiful ſweets—and the artleſs ſimplicity of thy dreſs is far

far beyond the ſtudied magnificence and painted gaudineſs of the Great.—Lovelineſs wants not the borrowed aid "of ornament, but is, when un-"adorned, adorned the moſt."—I will repine no more—and my careful hand ſhall guide my boys through the early labyrinths of life.—As a king, beloved by his people, has little to fear from his enemies, ſo likewiſe, the man of virtue and reaſon has but little to fear from the frowns of fortune—Neverthelefs, how often does the ſovereign of nations retire to the bed of diſcontent?—whilſt mine is ſmoothed with love and peace—And as the counſel of the wiſe and good are a king's beſt ſecurity—ſo is religion a guard againſt the thorns of life.

Like

Like many others, I have expected more from the world than it could give;—but for the future I will pass over the rubs of misfortune with fortitude and patience—remembering, that "true happiness, being immortal, can be enjoyed only by immortals."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.